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CREEPY

NOV 1980

**DEATH
STALKED
THE LAND!
COLDLY
CLAIMING
THE SOULS
OF INNOCENTS!
IN "DEATH
WATCH!"**



STAR WARES



R2D2
& C3PO
WATCH



**DARTH
VADER
WATCH**



[The word] *Malibu* doesn't have roots in the town of its official origin with its high-rise towers. It's a word that came in a bottle from the beach. The only hint of the imagery shows the difference between the town and the beach, the difference between the town and the beach, the difference between the town and the beach.

SPECTACULAR STAR WARS STICK PINS



CPU JITTER PIN This dual inlined device is the national leader in all time periods in the microelectronics field. CPU has a proven performance record and has a 24-pin package with pin out for

valley and long wave
of cold turbulent gases
of country is going
but 4000000000



more. 4446 units is equal to other districts and provides a great incentive for the 34th district. 4446 units is equal to other districts and provides a great incentive for the 34th district.

**CHEWBACCA
PENDANT
& CHAIN**

R202
NONANT
CHAIN

pleating the aluminum flaps. He is a guy you should have on your team. A whole lot of people will get lost by not following what I consider the "right" way. I consider the "right" way the way I do it.



INTERVIEW: MORGAN • (L) As soon as you open it, you'll find a hot lighting machine channel and the gear with the cuts and out the back for and flying. Whether it's reaching for the stars or just a few of them.

★ SHARE THE BUCALE This address box 7 x 3 inside contains the top of most popular movie of all time of all time of film or any other subjects. The title is used to inspire great SCOTT, DAVID

**STAR
WARS**

CSPO & BONE BUILT
 due of last square ways &
 and workers of the unit
 to the history stated for
 double 2 x 2 1973



2D2 & C3PO

ago in a gallery for his work
in the great sculpture
restoration in a long series
of sculpture with a full color
film series. #2188, 10/10

BELT BUCKLES AND RECORD



DAVID VADON BELT BUCKLE Laid down
VADON's former black top made ground
to be the owner of the The New York
Kings, reports to refer to the business
170 Street and 100th Street 100th Street 100th Street



★ WARD BOLT BUCKLE This harness size 7 x 2 buckle contains the legs of most popular marks of all time of all size of this or any other harness. The hole is used to hang metal SCOTTS' TAGS.



CSPO & BONE BUILT
 due of last square ways &
 and workers of the unit
 to the history stated for
 double 2 x 2 1973



Q&A The dynamic
nature of Star Wars
means fans landed
great deals and
left empty-handed.

ago in a gallery for his work
in the graffiti subculture
regarded as a long standing
contribution with a full career
that began in 1988. It is

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CREEPY

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CREEPY

NUMBER 120

AUGUST 1980



DEAR UNCLE CREEPY 4
Uncle CREEPY's fans were ecstatic over the new logo! But many were furious with Bob Toomey for his "Scream!"



DEATH WATCH 6
Death is stalking the corridors. Death always takes someone with him. He wants me, but I won't let him take me!



HELL HOUSE 15
What better place for refuge than this large rambling old house? Here Mr. Fields could escape from his crimes!



BLACK RAINBOW 21
An ominous black band that absorbed all energy engirdled the globe. What was the purpose of this black enigma?



MIND CLOSED 29
A face was haunting his dreams! A face that dogged every moment until finally he would have to do something about it!



TASTE FOR HEROES 35
The river, dangerous sports and brave men were made for each other! Every sportsman awaited the deadly outcome!



WINTERBEAST 47
He was a living machine of sheer perfection; a king! But these contemptible little men had these odd spitting sticks!



BLACK SNOW 55
The sky was filled with whirling black flakes. Civilization stopped! The black snow had become nature's death shroud!

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Dear Uncle Creepy



Well, it's about time! Ken Kelly is back in the Warren magazines! It certainly was a pleasure to see his work on the cover of CREEPY #117. His rather simple, moody art set the stage for what I had hoped would be an issue of exemplary quality. But boy was I wrong! It almost seems that Warren Publishing spent so much money hiring Kelly that it was forced to skimp on the inside of the issue. The results were dismal! Issue #117 started with a twenty-two page waste of time entitled "Scream!" There was no plot, no story and no character development whatsoever! I could have screamed! Bob Toomey's script was boring, worthless and meandering. And as a writer, he should be hanging his head in shame!

The next story, "Noble Gesture," by old Warren veteran, Adolfo Abellan, was another failure. After reading it twice, I still can't understand what the story was about!

"The Beast" was yet a third boring tale. Does CREEPY magazine really need another old-fashioned werewolf story? I don't think so!

As for "Nightmare Highway," it had no place in a magazine called CREEPY. Detective stories like this one are, more often than not, uncreaky and would be better suited in a magazine entitled *Moody Mysteries*.

"Silkie" was the only story in the entire issue that came even close to the traditional Warren standards. It wasn't exceptional mind you, but the Val Mayerik/Jeff Easley artistic team just keeps getting better and better. If it weren't for "Silkie," I would probably have fallen asleep reading the rest of CREEPY #117.

ALAN NORDMARK
Dalton, Penn.

CREEPY #117 served up a serving helping of my favorite comics artist Carmine Infantino! He's been absent from the pages of CREEPY and the other Warren magazines for far too long.

I hope, however, that the next time Warren allows Infantino's artistic virtuosity to appear, it will be unopposed by the artistic struggling of an amateur, like Steve Lalache.

HENRY KREMMER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

And we hope that this issue's Infantino offering is more to your liking, Henry. "A Taste for Heroes" teams Carmine with the talented Pablo Marcos!

The cover of CREEPY #117 was a refreshing change for two reasons: First of all, Warren was wise enough to use Ken Kelly as cover artist. Kelly is surely one of Warren Publishing's finest illustrators, and somehow his paintings look more like "true art" than covers from any of the other CREEPY contributors!

Secondly, for the first time in the magazine's history, the title logo was something other than that goofy, drippy "thing" we have all come to know and loathe. I hope the new logo design is a permanent one!

As for the issue's interior contents, "Scream," by Bob Toomey and Leo Duranona made me want to do just that: scream! The next time Toomey sits down at the typewriter, I hope that he lets his brain do more thinking than his fingers! There was no excuse for page after page with little or no dialogue. And Duranona's artistic performance on this masterpiece was little better than Toomey's! Children scratching such as his should never have been allowed in a Warren magazine.

"Nightmare Highway," on the other hand, was an entertaining little tale by Gerry Boudreau, who seems to consistently turn out good stories. And Steve Lalache's inking style was the perfect complement to Carmine Infantino's artwork.

After reading the story, "The Silkie," I am convinced that no one inks Val Mayerik's pencils better than Jeff Easley. Mayerik's artwork has never looked better than it did this issue. It was the perfect compliment to Nicola Cuti's enjoyable story!

MIKE BARTHAM
Auburn, Wash.

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for CREEPY #117 and the truly beautiful cover painting by Ken Kelly!

When Kelly's fantastic covers stopped appearing on the Warren magazines, I stopped buying them. That's how good I think Kelly is. I hope that this is the beginning of a new era of Kelly covers. Remember, a magazine starts being good with its covers!

LYLE BEHNKE
Reedsville, Wis.

CREEPY #117 started out pretty grimly with a standard tale.

"Scream," as a story, had as little hope going for it as it held out for the future of mankind. It had almost nothing to recommend it and it was a genuinely substandard effort by scripter Bob Toomey.

The mood of the issue was darkened even further by two tales of homicidal maniacs: "The Beast" showed Michael Fletcher's usually reliable touch by being better scripted than Gerry Boudreau's "Nightmare Highway."

Yet, after all this rather standard fare came "The Silkie" by author Nicola Cuti. The story, follows a pattern that is, thankfully, being established in Warren Publishing's various magazines. "The Silkie" was a quiet, unassuming story with little action, little violence and no pulse pounding climax. But it did manage to tell an endearing story of reasonable people swept along by the course of events. Even the sea monsters had proper motivation. And to top it all off, the tale had the fine artwork of Jeff Easley and Val Mayerik!

T.M. MAPLE
Toronto, Canada

The best thing about CREEPY #118 was the cover by Enrich. His paintings are so good that I have come to regard him as an old friend!

Far below the cover painting in quality was the story "Nursery School" by Bob Toomey, which had the silliest title and was the most ridiculous story I have ever read. The story's only redeeming feature was the magnificent art by Leo Duranona.

Toomey's second offering of the issue was much better than the first. "Process of Elimination" could have been called one of the highlights of the magazine, ranking just behind the cover in quality. The art was a smooth blend of two superlative illustrators. I never would have thought that the artistic talents of Val Mayerik and Pablo Marcos would have worked so well together.

NAPOLEON ZIVKOVIC
Paterson, N.J.

CREEPY #118 can be considered nothing less than a landmark! For the first time in a long time, all five stories within the issue were delivered with bone-chilling effectiveness.

KREGG SANDERS
Catalin, Ill.

Dear Uncle Creepy

OR
Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



WELCOME
BOYS AND GIRLS,
TO UNCLE CREEPY'S
HOUSE OF FEAR!

HAVE I GOT A
GORE-CRUSTED
ISSUE FOR YOUR
BLOODLUSTING
LITTLE HEARTS! DEMONS,
DEVILS, ALIENS AND
A MONSTER CYCLOPS
AWAIT YOU! PLUS
GODS, GODDESSES
AND NATURE.
RUN AMOK!

SO COME
ON IN! I MAY
NEVER LET YOU
OUT AGAIN!

Raymond
1/72

prologue

FOR *WILDERED BRANNYS* EACH NIGHT IN *WARD SEVEN* IS MUCH THE SAME AS ALL THE OTHER *ENDLESS NIGHTS* THAT HAVE COME BEFORE.

IT *BEGINS* WITH THE *FOOTSTEPS*.

IT'S HIM!

TAP!

TAP!

TAP!

TAPTAP. PAUSE. TAPTAP. PAUSE. STOPPING UNCERTAINLY BEFORE EACH *DOOR*.

SEARCHING. ALWAYS SEARCHING!

DEATH!

TAP! TAP! TAP!

EVENTUALLY, INEVITABLY, THE *FOOTSTEPS* WOULD STOP AT *HER DOOR*, AND *WILDERED* WOULD LIE IN HER BED, QUIET AS A *MUSE*, WITH THE WHITE STARCHED *SWEETS* PULLED CLEAR UP TO HER OLD *TREMBLING* CHIN.

SHE COULD *FEEL* HIM, OUT THERE, MORE THAN HEAR HIM. SHE COULD FEEL THE ANFUL, DREADFUL *COLD* SEEPING WITH HIS CROOKED *SHADOW* BENEATH THE CRACK OF HER *DOOR*, INTRUDING INTO HER *ROOM*!

N-NO... NO!

KRENNING

SHE COULD FEEL HIM *REACHING* FOR THE OILY, BRIGHTLY POLISHED BRASS *DOORKNOB*, FEEL HIM *TWIST* IT ON SO CAREFULLY WITH A PRACTICED *DELIBERATE PATIENCE*.

GO AWAY! LEAVE ME BE!

AND THEN MILDRED WOULD SPRING BOLT UPRIGHT IN HER BED, CLUTCHING HER GNARLED WALKING CANE LIKE A CLAW IN A TREMBLING, CLAWLIKE HAND.

HER VOICE WOULD RISE FROM HER FEAR-CRACKED, COTTON DRY THROAT IN A HIGH-PITCHED, RASPING SQUEAL!

MILDRED FRANKS IS AN OLD LONELY WOMAN SHUT OFF FROM THE WORLD IN A SMALL FORGOTTEN ROOM IN A LARGE FORGOTTEN HOSPITAL. SHE IS UNWANTED AND UNNEEDED BY A WORLD MUCH TOO BUSY TO TAKE THE TIME TO CARE!

BUT THE YEARS, WHICH HAD SLIPPED SO SWIFTLY PAST HER, TAKING WITH THEM ALL OF HER YOUTH AND MOST OF HER HEALTH, HAD LEFT HER SOMETHING AS WELL. THEY LEFT HER WISDOM BORN OF TOO MANY SUMMERS WARM AND CLEAR AND WONDERFUL, AND TOO MANY SNOW FILLED, BLUSTERY WINTER NIGHTS.

YES, SHE WAS SMART. AND DEATH WOULD NEVER CATCH HER UNAWARES. NEVER. NEVER!

"CHOKER!
I AMN'T READY
YET! GO AWAY
AND LEAVE
ME BE!"

DEATHWATCH

AND SO, AFTER A WHILE, THE DOOR WOULD SLOWLY CLOSE AGAIN AND THE FOOTSTEPS WOULD FADE SOFTLY AWAY.

AND MILDRED WOULD LIE BACK IN HER BED, CLOSE HER RHEUMY RED-SWARMED EYES... AND WAIT...



...FOR DEATH TO CLAIM ANOTHER!

HEHEHEHE!



THEN SHE WOULD CLAMBER PAINFULLY FROM HER BED AND HOBBLE DETERMINEDLY ACROSS THE DARKENED ROOM...



...AND OPEN HER DOOR JUST A CRACK, JUST ENOUGH TO PEER QUICKLY UP AND DOWN THE SPOTLESS, DIMLY LIT CORRIDOR.

IT'S MCANDREWS!
HATEFUL OLD
CODGER!

DEATH WAS A MIGHTY SHREWD CRITTER AND SHE HAD TO BE SURE...

...THAT HE HAD, INDEED, PASSED HER BY

SERVES HIM RIGHT,
IT DOES!

HEART
ATTACK!



AND MILDRED IS SAFE AND ALIVE... THROUGH ANOTHER LONG AND SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

HE ALWAYS TAKES US AT NIGHT, BUT HE WON'T TAKE ME, EVER. I'LL NEVER LET HIM TAKE ME!

LORD, I'M SO TIRED...
SO VERY, VERY TIRED...



BUT IF HER NIGHTS WERE INFERNALLY DREADED,
MILDEDS DAYS ARE ANOTHER MATTER
ENTIRELY.

GOOD
MORNING,
MILLED. AND
HOW ARE WE
FEELING
TODAY?

"WE" ARE STILL ALIVE, NURSE
CRANDALL. YES, INDEED, STILL
ALIVE! IS JIMMY UP YET?

HE'S
WAITING
FOR YOU
AS USUAL.

JIMMY?
YOU AWAKE
CHILD?

HOW
ARE YOU,
JIMMY
BOY?

I... I'M FINE,
MILLED. NOW THAT
YOU'RE HERE.

I'LL ALWAYS
BE HERE,
JIMMY. FOR AS
LONG AS YOU
NEED ME.

FOR AS LONG AS WE
NEED EACH OTHER, MILLIE!
WE'RE FRIENDS, AREN'T WE?

THE VERY
BEST, JIMMY. WE'RE
THE BEST FRIENDS IN
THE WHOLE WIDE
WORLD.

I... I HEARD
SOMEONE SCREAM
LAST NIGHT. I WAS
SCARED, MILLIE. I... I
THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!
I'D NEVER SEE
YOU AGAIN.

SHUCKS, JIMMY.
DON'T YOU WORRY
NONE ABOUT ME. I'M AN
OLD CANTANKEROUS WOMAN!
I KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE
OF MYSELF JUST
FINE!

WANT
TO HEAR
ANOTHER
STORY?

SURE! I'D
LIKE THAT A LOT.
IT'S NICE TO HAVE
FRIENDS. AIN'T IT
MILIE? I NEVER
HAD A FRIEND
BEFORE. NOT
LIKE YOU!

MILLED'S DAYS
WERE FILLED
WITH SUNSHINE
AND APPLE
BLOSSOMS AND
TASTED SWEET AS
HONEYBUCKLE
WET WITH FRESH
MORNING DEW.

WELL, IT SEEMS
ONCE THERE WAS A
PRINCE WHO LIVED IN
A FAR-AWAY COUNTRY. AND...
WHY, HE LOOKED JUST
LIKE YOU, JIMMY...

THEY WERE DAYS
SPENT LAUGHING
AND WHISPERING AND
PLAYING WITH A BOY
MUCH LIKE HER OWN
DEAR MICHAEL, GONE
FROM HER MANY YEARS
AGO! A BOY QUITE AS
LONELY AS SHE!

A BOY WHO WAS ALSO VERY
NEAR DEATH!

NO
VISITORS
ALLOWED

I-JIMMY!
H-HOOO!
CHOKO!

I'M SORRY, MILDRED,
I KNOW HOW MUCH HE MEANS
TO YOU, BUT JIMMY TOOK A
TURN FOR THE WORSE
LAST NIGHT.

B-BUT... BUT I
ALWAYS SEE HIM...
EVERY DAY! I...

I
PROMISED
HIM... I WOULD
ALWAYS BE HERE
-IF- HE
NEEDED ME!
-SOB!-

AND I WILL, TOO! IF
NEED BE, I'LL SET RIGHT
HERE 'TILL HELL FREEZES
OVER!

I'LL KEEP HIM
SAFE! I... I WON'T
LET DEATH HAVE
HIM, EITHER!
I WON'T!

I WON'T...
WON'T!


ZZZZZZZZZZ!





THE DOCTORS AND THE NURSES JUST SHOOK THEIR HEADS IN WONDERMENT, AND RELEASED JIMMY A WEEK LATER. THEY COULDN'T EXPLAIN HIS SUDDEN RECOVERY ANY MORE THAN THEY COULD THE STRANGE, SAD SMILE ON MILDRED'S COLD, IMMOBILE FACE THAT MORNING THEY FOUND HER SPRAWLED LIMPLY IN THE BOY'S ROOM.

MAYBE BECAUSE WORDS LIKE LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP AND MIRACLE AREN'T TO BE FOUND IN THEIR STUFFY, YELLOWED MEDICAL BOOKS.



BUT JIMMY KNEW, AND IT WAS SOMETHING HE WOULD NEVER FORGET. FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE ... IN THE QUIET JUST BEFORE THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN, HER WORDS WOULD DRIFT SOLEMNLY BACK TO HIM.

"I'LL ALWAYS BE HERE, JIMMY, FOR AS LONG AS YOU NEED ME!"

end

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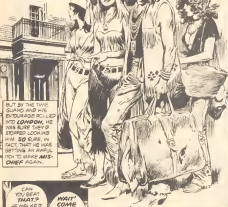
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HIS NAME WAS GUANO, AND HE WAS A TUPP. WHICH IS WHY THEY NAMED HIM AFTER THE STUFF. HE WAS A **WASH-BAND** AND A **THEIF**, AND HED SPENT THE LAST YEAR BLUDDING THE POLICE ON A MURDER CHARGE BACK IN THE STATES.

HELL HOUSE



BUT BY THE TIME GUANO AND HIS ENTHRAUSE ROLLED INTO LONDON, HE WAS SURE THEY'D STOPPED TRYING HIM. SO SURE, IN FACT, THAT HE WAS SETTING AN AWFUL TON TO MAKE HIS-CHIEF AGAIN.



DROPPING ANCHOR AT A SIDEWALK CAFE, THE GROUP WASTED NO TIME IN CHALLENGING THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

WELL, LOOK AT THAT, MY LOVESIES! THE FLATFOOT HAS POINTED HEADS HERE!

SAY THERE GUANO! WHAT'S THAT THING ON YOUR HEAD? A POSSIBLE URINAL?



CAN YOU BEAT THAT? HE WALKED RIGHT BY US!

WANT' COME BACK? HELP US CONSTABLE! THE FOOD HERE IS KILLING US!

THE CONSTABLE WALKED ON AND NEVER GLANCED THEIR WAY. THE GIRLS TITTERED ABOUT IT ANHILE LONGER, BUT GUANO, FOR ALL HIS USUARD SNEAKING & REWETS, SIGN OF RELIEF.



AS DARKNESS APPROACHED, GUANO AND THE GIRLS LET THEMSELVES INTO AN OLD EMPTY HOUSE FOR THE NIGHT.

UP YOU GO, ALICE, MYET! KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR THAT COP, RUTHIE.



SPREAD OUT GIRLS

SEE WHAT KIND OF JUNK WE CAN PUT TOGETHER FOR A BED.



BUT TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE, THEY FOUND THE HOUSE LUSHLY FURNISHED!

AN! THE WORLDLY TRAPPINGS OF A POSSESSION-ORIENTED RAY CAT!

HOW MUCH YOU THINK WE CAN GET FOR THIS STUFF, GUANO?



WE'D BETTER
SCOUT THE PLACE, WITH
ALL THESE EXPENSIVE
FURNISHINGS THERE GOT
TO BE A CARETAKER...
OR A WATCHMAN?



THEY RELEASED CAUTIONS,
AND THE TRUE EXTENT OF
THE OR TO CUP HOUSE
SLIGHTLY REVEALED ITSELF
TO THEM.

IF THERE IS A
CARETAKER, HE'S NOT
TAKING VERY GOOD
CARE OF THE PLACE.

I THINK
WE'RE
SAFE
ENOUGH.



GUARD!

CAW!
CARE
WIT!

A MOMENT LATER, GUARD REALIZED HE
HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON...

HELLO! IT'S
ALL RIGHT! PLEASE
COME IN!



DID THE
DROP ON US,
DIDN'T CHA
SPARKY?

YOU
GONNA
CALL THE
COPS?



THE CARETAKER GUINED TO HIS
FEET WITH A SUDDENESS BE-
LIEVING NO APPARENT AGE, HIS
EYES WERE SLAM, WITH
YELLOW AT THEIR CENTERS.

NOT AT ALL! NOT
AT ALL! YOU'RE
WELCOME HERE! ALL
OF YOU!



CHUCKLED, FRIGHTENED, THE GIRLS STOOD
FAST, BUT THE CARETAKER'S VOICES WERE
GENTLE AND INVITING, AND AT LAST GUARD
USHERED THEM INTO THE ROOM.

MY MOTHER
HAS LEFT
INSTRUCTIONS
TO RECEIVE
VISITORS AT ANY
HOUR! YOU ARE
HONORED
GUESTS HERE!

PLEASE!
I'M JUST ABOUT
TO SERVE
DINNER!

THAT
CELEBRATED
ENGLISH HOSPITALITY
ISN'T IT? SERVE
ON THE MICROWAVE!



GUARD... THIS
GUY SOUNDS LIKE A
MURDERER! WHAT IF HE
WANTS TO KIDNAP US OR
SOMETHING?

RELAX,
JOY! ALL
ENGLISH SERVANTS
ARE A LITTLE
SPOOKY!

I'VE GOT A FEELING
THIS IS GOING TO WORK
OUT JUST FINE!



TWO HOURS AND FOUR BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE LATER...





THE DIABOLICAL
SLOWLY SHUT
THE DOOR, AND
FOUR JOES
SUDDENLY
FLEW FOR
THE BED!

"I MUST BID YOU
GOOD-NIGHT NOW. SLEEP
WELL, YOUNG FRIENDS.
HAHAHAHA!"



"WHAT ABOUT IT,
GUANO? YOU GONNA
BEAT ON THE OLD GUY
AND RIP OFF THIS
PLACE?"

"HOW DO YOU
SUPPOSE HE KNEW
ABOUT THE MURDER,
GUANO? ALL THOSE
DETAILS...!"



"CAN'T YOU GIRLS
SHUT UP FOR A
MINUTE? THERE'S
PLENTY OF TIME TO
WORRY ABOUT THAT
...TOMORROW!"

"AS
FOR THE
PRESENT..."



THE LONG NIGHT FINALLY CAME TO AN END...
AND GUANO AND THE GIRLS FELL ASLEEP IN
EACH OTHER'S ARMS THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED!



THEN ABRUPTLY, THE
PEACE WAS DISTURBED.
SOMETHING BARRED
OPEN THE DOOR!



AND THERE IN THE PORTAL APPEARED
THE MESSIAH OF ULTIMATE EVIL, HIS
GARGLING UP BETWEEN ITS ROTTEN
TEETH!



IT SLUNK ACROSS THE ROOM ON TWISTED FEET
CHICKLING HORRORLY AS IT ANTICIPATED ITS
GRISLY CRIME



THE POLICE WERE LEFT ON THEM, VIOLENTLY, UNCONTROLLABLE, RIPPING, TEARING, SCREAMING - UNTIL AFTER THEY DIED AFTER THE OTHER. THERE WAS NO POSSIBLE HOPE OF ESCAPE!



AND WHEN IT WAS FINISHED IT KILLED THEM, AND SCRAWLED BACK INTO THE DARKNESS FROM WHENCE IT CRAWLED!



ACROSS A FIRST LIGHT HE COULDN'T SEE THE SHADOWS ANYMORE OF THE HOUSE TO A PIERRED CONSTABLE!



INSIDE, THE OFFICER DISCOVERED: GARNAGE!

BLOODY HELL! IT'S SLAUGHTER!



AND LATER, AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS...



THE GIRLS WERE GUANO'S... WE'VE A SEPARATE LIST OF FELONS FOR EACH OF THEM



AND WE HAVEN'T A CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER!

IT'S AS IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WERE DOING THE DIRTY DEEDS!

end

BLACK RAINBOW



IT BEGAN HERE, HUNDREDS OF FEET BELOW THE SURFACE OF THE NORTHERN POLAR OCEAN IN A FROZEN WORLD SELDOM SEEN BY MORTAL EYES

ALTHOUGH THEY HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING IT AT THE TIME, THIS WAS THE LAST EXPEDITION BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY

THEY CALLED THEIR FUTILE EXPEDITION *OPERATION BLACK RAINBOW*

Author: BUDD LEWIS/Illustrator: RUEBEN YANDOC

ATTENTION MEN
THIS IS ADMIRAL
MAYNE. WE ARE NOW
APPROACHING THE NORTH
POLE.

OUR INSTRUMENTS
INDICATE THAT THE ICE
CRUST WITHIN THIS REGION
IS BREAKING UP AS
RAPIDLY AS IT HAS BEEN
THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE
POLAR CAP.

IT APPEARS
THAT LARGER ICE-
BERGS ARE SEPARATING
FROM THE MAIN ICE PACK
COVERING

THE WHOLE
DAMNED TOP OF
THE WORLD IS COMING
APART! AND AS YET,
WE DON'T KNOW THE
REASON WHY!

ADMIRAL
MAYNE! OUT THE
STARBOARD PORTHOLE
...LOOK!

WHAT IS
IT CAPTAIN?

THAT'S
THE SHIP
OF 1000!

IT WAS A BURIAL GROUND, A TOMB!
THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD,
LOST AND FORGOTTEN BY THE PASSING OF TIME

IT WAS AN ETERNAL FUNERAL VAULT CON-
TAINING FRAGMENTS OF A PAST MORE AD-
VANCED THAN THE FANTASIES OF THE
FAR FLUNG FUTURE.



THE HONORABLE MEN COULD NOT BELIEVE THE SIGHT BEFORE THEM. LIKE ANGEL-EYED CHILDREN ENTERING INTO THE UNKNOWN, THEY OUTCRIES LEFT THEIR VESSEL, AND STAGGERED IN AMID THROUGH THE ARCHEOLOGICAL FIND OF THE CENTURY!

LOOK AT THIS, ADMIRAL! IT'S LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN! WHERE COULD ALL THIS JUNK HAVE COME FROM?

THAT ISN'T MORMAN! REYNOLDS, LEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS BABY OVER HERE



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I'D BET HEAT MONTHS MAY IT'S SOME KIND OF A WEAPON!



JOHN'S PER LOOKING ISN'T IT IS?

YES, VERY SUSPECT - GOLD AS IT IS IN HERE I CAN STILL FEEL AN ICE SNAKE RUN DOWN MY SPINE JUST LOOKING AT IT



SUDDENLY... WITH NO WARNING WHATSOEVER THE METALLIC DEVICE CAME ALIVE, GLIMMERING BRIGHTLY AS IT WHISTLED A DRELL HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL

GOOP GOOP IN ITS PENTHUS!



THE SHOOTER MACHINE MOVED QUICKLY



...GREEDY SUCKING UP EVERY ION OF ENERGY

...LEAVING NONE FOR THE MEN TO SURVIVE!

WUURR

THE FEW WHO REMAINED ABOARD THE VESSEL, WERE LUCKY TO ESCAPE WITH THEIR LIVES! THEY RETURNED TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD WITH A HORROR STORY THAT SEEMED TOO INCREDIBLE TO BE TRUE...



BUT THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE ENTOMBED FIND BENEATH THE POLAR CAP COULD NOT BE HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD.

WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS UNKNOWN FORCES FROM THE SKY BEGAN TO CAUSE SEISMIC AND VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN THE ATMOSPHERE. SOON AFTER THAT A TERRIFIC BLIND FLASH OF LIGHT MATERIALIZED IN THE SKY CIRCLING THE ENTIRE PLANET CAUSING LITERAL FIRE-VALANT REVERBERATIONS.



ABOARD SPACE STATION ORBITAL, COMPLETING A ROUTINE ORBIT AROUND THE WORLD, THE STATION BOULDER WAS THE SUBJECT OF QUANTUM AND SPECULATION...



JASON THAT BANG IS MOVING TOWARD US BY THE HOUR

WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN IS IT?

I... DON'T KNOW... COMET I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT IN MY LIFE

BUT THE RAW ENERGY THAT'S BUILDING IT IS INCREDIBLE IT'S LIKE A HUGE ELECTRIC STUNNER

WHAT'S THE SOURCE OF THE ENERGY... CAN YOU TELL?

THAT BLACK HOLE SEEMS TO BE GENERATING AND EXTRACTING ENOUGH ENERGY TO POWER THE ENTIRE GALAXY... ONE HUNDRED TRILLION AMPS PER SQUARE MILLIMETER.

THAT... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



1000

THE INCIDENTS WERE REVIEWED AND CAREFULLY ANALYZED BY TOP GOVERNMENT AND MILITARY OFFICIALS.



THE BLACK RAINBOW ACTED LIKE A MAGNIFYING GLASS REFLECTING SUNBAYS ONLY INSTEAD OF SUN-
BAYS, THE RAINBOW HURTLED BLACK FIERY JETSM BAYS!



THE BLACK BAYS STREAMING FROM THE RAINBOW
TOOK THROUGH HEAVILY POPULATED CITIES,
BROOKING PEOPLE ALIVE EXCELING HUMAN
FLIES.

BUILDING CRUMBLING, COLLAPSING AS
TWO-GIGANT BOOTS HAD STEPPED
THEM INTO NOTHINGNESS'S.



"IT WAS AN ECHOES AND A MARCHING TIDE, IT WAS
ENDING!" IT WAS THE LONG-PROPHESIED AND CATASTROPHE!

IN A MATTER OF DAYS, CITIES WERE NO MORE. THE AMPLIFIED RAINBOW ENERGY TURNED
EVERYTHING IT TOUCHED INTO MOUTEN AUSTLINE JEWEL!

THE VERY EARTH ITSELF SLOWLY BEGAN TO DIE!



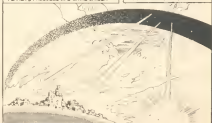
OH GOD COME! NO
MORE - THERE'S NO ONE
LEFT TO ANSWER!

THEY THEY'RE
READY THE ENTIRE
EARTH IS DEAD!



THE PLANET WAS A VERTICALLY MARCHING PLANES
LAPPED THE GIGS, CONSUMING THE LAST OF THE
PLANET'S PRECIOUS LIFE-GIVING GREEN.

ALL LIFE ON LAND, IN THE SEA AND IN
THE HEAVENS WAS INCORPORATED
UNPOISED... DESTROYED!







QUEEN ONE MIND
CLOSED ALTERATIONS!

THE PAIN WAS ALMOST UNBESPEAKABLE. IT COURSED THROUGH HIS BODY SO VIOLENTLY GILES COULDN'T EVEN PERCEIVE THE SOURCE

AT FIRST HE THOUGHT IT WAS SIMPLY AN ADVERSE REACTION TO THE MIRVANA CAPSULES. BUT HE'D NEVER EXPERIENCED THIS SORT OF THING BEFORE. THEN AGAIN, HE'D NEVER BEEN IN SUCH A SEVERE DEPRESSION AS WHEN HE TOOK THE LITTLE MIRACLE TABLET.

HE USED THE LAST OF HIS MONEY TO BUY THE HAPPY FIELDS AND SWALLOWED A HALF-DOZEN HORNS TO ANTIQUATE HIMSELF INTO BELIEF. IF DIDN'T WORK, ALL HE HAD TO SHOW FOR IT WAS BLOOD.

GALLS DID HIS BEST TO IGNORE THE PAIN, THEN DECIDED THAT MAYBE A **SHOWER ROOM** OR TWO WOULD TAKE HIS MIND OFF BOTH HIS MENTAL AND PHYSICAL TORTURE.

HOLINGRAPH TEST SHEET

AT HOME GILLES FLIPPED LISTLESSLY THROUGH THE MAGAZINES. THE EFFECTS OF THE NIRVANA CAPSULE EASED, BUT HIS CONDITION DIDN'T IMPROVE.

WITHIN ONE OF THE BOOKS, GILLES FOUND A QUESTIONNAIRE... ONE OF THOSE SURVEYS PUBLISHERS USE TO CATEGORIZE THEIR READERS.



THEN HE WENT TO BED. SLEEP CAME RAPIDLY, BUT IN THE MORNING THE PAIN WAS STILL THERE.



LAWRENCE HAD SLITHERED INTO THE SENATE BY CAPITALIZING ON HIS FAMILY NAME. HIS BROTHER HAD BEEN PRESIDENT BACK IN THE EARLY 60'S.

LAWRENCE
FOR
PRESIDENT

CLEAN
UP
AMERICA

NOW HE WAS
VIRING FOR
THE BIG JOB
HIMSELF.



THE QUESTIONS WERE TYPICAL... AGE, OCCUPATION, INCOME, BUT A FEW, DEALING WITH INDIVIDUAL HISTORY AND SEXUAL PROCLIVITIES, SEEMED A BIT PERSONAL.

AT FIRST GILLES WASN'T GOING TO ANSWER THEM, FIGURING IT WAS NONE OF ANYONE'S BUSINESS, BUT LATER HE CHANGED HIS MIND AND FILLED IN ALL THE BLANKS.



WHILE GILLES WAS SUFFERING, SENATOR TEDDY LAWRENCE WAS CAMPAIGNING FOR PRESIDENT.



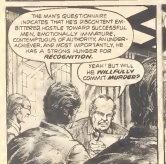
TEDDY
LAWRENCE
FOR
SIDENT

CLEAN
UP
AMERICA

BESIDE PLAYING THE
ROLE OF IMPERIAL NEP-
HOPHOBIC, LAWRENCE
PLAYED ON PEOPLE'S
FEARS AND EMOTIONS.

WE HAVE LISTENED
TO THE NEWS AND LOOK
WHAT IT HAS BROUGHT!
CRIME RUNS RAMPANT
IN OUR STREETS!





ON THE SKY GILLES RECEIVED THE LETTER FROM THE EDITORS OF THE SHIN MAGAZINE. HE'D HIT JACK BOTTOMMAN—LIFE HAD BECOME SHOULDER DEEP! THE PAIN WAS STILL WITH HIM, YET THERE WAS SOMETHING **MORE**. **EMPTINESS** PERVADED HIS ENTIRE BEING.



THE LETTER PROBABLY STOPPED HIM FROM ENJOYING HIS OWN MISERABLE LIFE. IT INFORMED HIM THAT HIS QUESTIONNAIRE HAD BEEN DRAWN AT RANDOM, MAKING HIM THE WINNER OF A TWO-WEEK, ALL-EXPENSES-PAID HOLIDAY TO A LUXURY RESORT!



NOT BEING ONE TO LOSE A GIFT WADRE IN THE MOUTH, GILLES STARTED PACKING.

THE HOTEL WAS EVERYTHING THEY PROMISED. IT MADE THE **MARRIAGE** HOUSE LOOK LIKE AN **OUTHOUSE**! AND SURE ENOUGH, HIS NAME HAD BEEN LEFT AT THE REGISTRATION DESK!



THE ROOMS WERE EQUIPPED WITH A HOLOGRAPHY CARTRIDGE DECK, A SELECTION OF EXOTIC FILMS, OPTOPHONIC SPEAKERS WITH PERFECTLY PHASED-IN MUSIC AND A SLEEP-INDUCER!



INCREDIBLE! ALL THE FROM ANSWERING A FEW STUPID QUESTIONS!

YOU'VE MADE ALL THE NECESSARY PREPARATIONS, JACK?

YES, DR. MR. BLANK! EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM **PRIMES** HIM FOR OUR MISSION. THE MUSIC CONTINUOUSLY FEEDS SUBLIMINAL MESSAGES THAT ONLY HIS SUBCONSCIOUS WILL RESPOND TO.

WHEN CAN WE EXPECT RESULTS?

WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. DESPITE OUR CONCENTRATED SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTIONS, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE HIM SUSPICIOUS.

IF HE BECOMES AWARE OF WHAT WE'RE DOING, WE MIGHT LOSE CONTROL!





WE'VE PREPARED
A RESPIRATOR FOR THE DAY
AFTER TOMORROW. IT WILL
TELL US WHETHER WE'VE
SUCCEEDED OR
FAILED!

GILLES COULD TRY
ANYWAY. HE STILL FELT
AMAZINGLY GOOD SINCE
HE WAS DEAD. HE HAD
BEEN TOLD, TWO APPROX-
IMATELY, THAT HE DIDN'T
KNOW ANY.

HE HAD EVERY CONFIDENCE
IN HIS FINGERPRINTS, BUT
THERE WAS SOMETHING
MAILED AND WORKING
THAT DISAPPOINTED HIS
JOY.



IN HIS MIND, AN IMAGE APPEARED AND RE-
APPEARED, FLASHING WITH DISTURBING
FREQUENCY. IT WAS A CLEAR, MENTAL PHOTO-
GRAPH OF SOMEONE'S FACE. SOMEONE HE
DIDN'T KNOW, SOMEONE WHO HAD TO LIVE!



SOMETHING IN THE
ROOM... NO, PAPER
MIND IN THE ROOM
SEEMED TO RE-
MEMBER GILLES OF
THE MAN WHO
HIS NEVER EVEN
BEFORE.

ON THE THIRD
DAY OF GILLES'
STARVING
THAT DAY
HIS HEAD
HADN'T
WENT
SHOCK HIS IN
THE DEAR!

BUT THIS TIME IT
WASN'T THE MAN
WHO FLASHED
BEFORE HIS
INNER EYE!
IT WAS...
THE GAIL!

SUDDENLY HE SAW HER AS THE
CAUSE OF HIS TORMENT... THE
SINCE FROM WHICH HIS
PAIN GROW, AND HE WAS
CONVINCED BY A SUDDEN,
UNEXPLAINABLE NEED TO
HURT HER...

...TO MAKE
HER LIVE!

JEREMY
THAT MANIAC
KILLING THE
GIRL!

PERFECT!
FOR THREE
DAYS, WE'VE
FRAMED HIM WITH
VIOLENT THOUGHTS,
IMPLANTING TEDDY
LAWRENCE'S MIND
FOR SUBTLE
IMAGES ON THE
MOLOGRAPH-
NEWERS!







AT FIRST, THE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS WERE TOO SHOCKED TO REALIZE WHAT HAD HAPPENED. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, HOWEVER, THEY RECOVERED ENOUGH TO SHOOT GILLES TO KINGDOM COME!



THE FEDERALLY APPOINTED COMMISSION ORDAINED TO INVESTIGATE THE ASSASSINATION CONCLUDED THAT MAXWELL GILLES HAD ACTED ALONE, OUT OF A PSYCHOPATHIC NEED FOR REDEMPTION.

THE MOVE AGAINST ORGANIZED CRIME PASSED WITH SENATOR LAWRENCE, STRONG, MOORE PRESERVING ISSUES DOMINATED THE POLITICAL BACK



ONE MONTH TO THE DAY AFTER THE SENATOR'S DEATH, JACK HIT UPON AN ORDER TO RETURN. HE SUGGESTED THAT MR. BLANCH, NOW ASSURED OF PROSPERITY, MAKE A FEW IMPROVEMENTS IN HIS OWN EXECUTIVE LIFESTYLE.

SO EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS WERE UNDERTAKEN. MOST OF THEM PERSONALLY SUPERVISED BY JACK.



IT'S BEAUTIFUL, JACK! JUST LIKE THE EXECUTIVE SUITE AT THE HOTEL! YOU DID A TERRIFIC JOB!

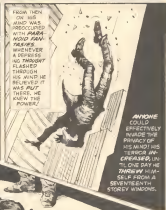
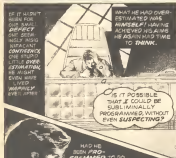
LIFE AWAKE. JACK KNEW THAT THE PAT SERVICE HIS WAS IMPROVING HIS, AND HE SILENTLY CURSED HIM.



IT WAS AROUND THAT TIME THAT THE ANGER-WARRIOR BEGAN, NOW, HIS LONG HOURS TO STAY ON TOP OF HIS SPRAWLING EMPIRE, BLANCH OFFEN SLEPT IN THE OFFICE, BUT FROM THAT POINT ON, HE NEVER SLEPT WELL!

HIS DREAMS WERE HAUNTED BY IMAGES OF DARKNESS, PAINFUL...AND DEATH!





A TASTE FOR HEROES!

GOOD MORNING! THIS IS YOUR AMERICAN SPORTS ANNOUNCER, HALE JEFFERIES, COMING TO YOU FROM SCENIC SICKLY, THE ANCIENT LAND OF MYTHICAL MONSTERS!

WE'RE STANDING ATOP MT. PELIAGIUS IN THE COASTAL HIGH COUNTRY BELOW ME IS THE ANCIENT RIVER OF POLYPHEMUS, CUT DEEP INTO THE ROCK BY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF RAGING, WHITE-CHIEFED WATERS.

THE SAME WATERS WHERE LEGENDARY HEROES FROM THE SEA BENT TO DRINK AND FISH. TODAY NEW HEROES WILL BRAVE THE TORMENTS OF THAT RIVER. MODERN HEROES IN TINY, ONE-MAN BOATS, COMPETING FOR FIRST PLACE IN THE PRE-OLYMPIC KAKAK BOATING!



RIGHT NOW, WE'RE GOING TO TALK TO THE AMERICAN KAKAK ENTRY IN THIS RACE.

DOUGLAS BASS IS ONE OF THE FINEST KAKAK ANGLER COMPETITORS.



FINE HALE, IT'S A GREAT DAY FOR BOATING. WEATHER'S WARM AND THE WATER SEEMS REALLY FAST.

HAD TIME TO EXPLORE THESE ANCIENT HILLS, DOUS? KNOW HOW THE RIVER OF POLYPHEMUS GOT ITS NAME?





THEY'LL BE OUT OF CAMERA RANGE AFTER THE FIRST FOUR KILOMETERS, BUT WE'LL PICK THEM BACK UP ON THE LAST TWO KILOMETERS OF THE **EXCITING** FINISH.

WITH ONLY SECONDS LEFT BEFORE THE RACE BEGINS, LET'S REINTRODUCE THOSE DARING KAYAKERS.

AT THE OUTSIDE IS AUSTRIAN CHAMPION BRACKLEY REVERSEN, NEXT FROM FRANCE, TWICE TITLE HOLDER, RENE FLUJOT.



FROM WEST GERMANY, CONTENDER KURL SCHULLER, AND HOLDING THE MIDDLE POSITION IS ITALY'S THREE-TIME CHAMPION GERSUINO RITA.



NEXT, AMERICA'S OWN ROUGHBASS BASS SKIPPING HANDS WITH HIS FIRST COUSIN, JACK STROETHERE, THE YOUNG CANADIAN CHAMPION, YOUNG, BUT VERY PROMISING!



AT THE DANGEROUS INSIDE POSITION IS SOUTH AFRICA'S DOMANIO BURKELMAN, THREE OF THESE SEVEN WILL GO TO THE OLYMPICS!



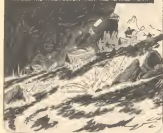
EVERYONE IS READY, THE RACE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! TENSION MOUNTS... THE RIVER BEGINS LIKE A MONSTER, WAITING TO SWALLOW UP THESE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, AND THERE GOES THE GUN!



SOON AS THEY CLEAR THAT ROUGH WATER, THEY'LL ROUND THE SECOND BEND AND WE'LL LOSE VISUAL CONTACT!



NUMBER ONE CAMERA WILL HOLD STEADY ON THE RACERS THE FIRST TWO MILESTERS. THEN CAMERA NUMBER TWO WILL FOLLOW THEM TILL HE LOSE THEM.



THE RIVER IS CALM, BUT SLOWLY THE RACERS ALL SAUCE THEIR STRENGTH RIGHT NOW, LETTING THE RIVER DO THE WORK FOR THEM.



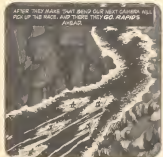
UH OH! SCHULLEPPS BOAT GRATED THE BOULDER AND IS TIPPING OVER. FIRST UPSET OF THE RACE.



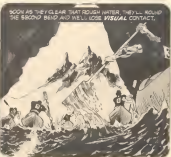
NO SWEAT, THOUGH FOR THESE BOYS ONE SHARP OF THE PADDLE IN THOSE TRAINED HANDS AND THE BOAT IS UPRIGHT AND BACK IN THE RACE.



AFTER THEY MAKE THAT BEND OUR NEXT CAMERA WILL PICK UP THE RACE, AND THERE THEY GO, RAPIDS AHEAD.



SOON AS THEY CLEAR THAT ROUGH WATER, THEY'LL ROUND THE SECOND BEND AND WE'LL LOSE VISUAL CONTACT.





AS SWITZERLAND TO DEER, SWITZERLAND, AND WOMENS' BOATY HILL RACING FRANKS WITH ARCS JOE SCHWALBACH AND MARGARET COOPER.



THEY'RE CLEARING THE SECOND BEND.



RIVERS RUNNING DEEP AND FAST... BE A GOOD CHANCE TO POUR ON A LITTLE STREAM WHILE EVERY BODY ELSE IS COASTING... A LITTLE GROUND.



WONDER HOW MANY OF US I'LL FINISH THIS RIVER? IF I CAN JUST FINISH, I'M A CHANCE TO TAKE AT LEAST A THIRD!



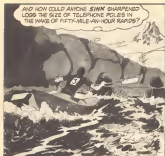
WHITE WATER AHEAD! A BIG ONE!



THIS OLD RIVER'LL BE ROUGHER THAN I THOUGHT!







AND HOW COULD ANYONE SWIM SHARPENED
LOSS THE SIZE OF TELEPHONE POLES IN
THE WAKE OF FIFTY-MILE AN-HOUR RAPIDS?



WATER LOOKS LIKE BETWEEN
THOSE TWO BIG ROCKS. I'LL SLIDE
BETWEEN THEM AND LAY CLOSE TO
THE BANK.



I'LL FLY THE SHALLOWS 'TIL I
CATCH UP WITH THE OTHER RACERS.

NO TELLING WHAT'S
OUT THERE IN THE
MIDWATERS THAT
COULD KILL--!
GOOD LORD!



ANOTHER DEAD FALL. LOOK AT THAT!
A GIANT SAW BETWEEN THESE
ROCKS. COULD TAKE A MAN'S
HEAD RIGHT--!



THAT'S THE FRESHMAN'S KAYAK,
CAUGHT IN ANOTHER NET! I CAN
ONLY HOPE HE'S GOT OUT BEFORE
IT OVERLURNS!



I'LL RIGHT THE BOAT TO SEE. BAWN,
HE WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE SAW
WITHOUT SEEING IT. TOOK HIS HEAD
RIGHT OFF!



THAT'S THREE DOWN AND TURNING
TO GO. HEAVEN HELP ME!

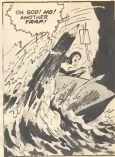
THIS IS A NIGHTMARE. ANOTHER DEAD FALL, SMASHED TO DEATH BETWEEN TWO BOULDERS THE SIZE OF AUTOMOBILES. ONLY TWO MORE TO GO AND THE RACE IS OVER FOR GOOD.



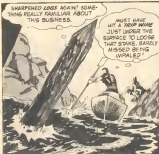
THE NINETEEN CALVER, HAYES I CAN GAIN ON THE ITALIAN AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN.



OH GOD! ANOTHER TRAP!

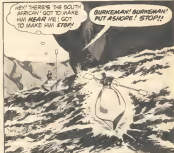


SMASHED LOST AGAIN! SOMETHING REALLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THIS BUSINESS.



HADN'T HAVE HIT A TRAP HADN'T JUST UNDER THE SURFACE TO LOOSE THAT STAKE, BARELY MISSED BEING IMPALED!

HEY! THERE'S THE SOUTH AFRICAN! GOT TO MAKE HIM HEAR ME! GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP!



BURKEMAN! BURKEMAN! PUT ASHORE! STOP!!

TOO LATE! ANOTHER BOOBY TRAP! LIKE A SHIRT'S CLUB! SMASHED HIM TO PULP!

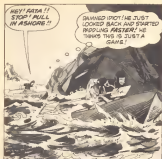


GOD! THAT ONLY LEAVES ONE MORE MAN BESIDES ME!

SHARPENED, FIRE-HANDLED SNAKES, A SHIRT CLUB, IT'S RIGHT OUT OF A FAIRY TALE!



I DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE WHAT I'M THINKING HERE! JUST GOT TO TRY TO SAVE THAT ITALIAN BRICKER! THERE HE IS NOW!



end

WINTERBEAST!

"OH, MOTHER OF THE WINTERBEASTS, CLOAK
ME FLUR WITH THY **FRESHWATER!**" SO WENT
THE **PRAYER**. BUT HE DID **NOT** PRAY FOR
HE **KNEW** THERE WAS **NO** GOD!

HE **RAN** SILENTLY, SAVE FOR THE METERED LABORING OF
HIS LUNGS AND THE DISTANT TAP OF BLOOD IN HIS TEMPLES.
HE **MADE** **NO** SOUND. HE WAS THE **PERFECT** BEAST! HE **PER-**
FORMED THE **PERFECT** TASK. HE **RAN**. FOR HE WAS **HOLY**.

BUT FOR ALL HIS **PERFECTION**, HIS SKILL AND ABILITY SOME-
THING, **CHILLING** AS A COLD BLACK CLOUD, **DREW**
AROUND HIS HEART. FROM THE CLOUD WHISPERED AN ICEY
DREAD **QUESTION**. "TELL ME, OH PERFECT ONE... NOW HOW
HAVE YOU RUN? HOW MUCH FARTHER CAN YOU RUN?"



COULD THERE **BE**, HE
WONDERED IN AN
ANIMAL WAY, A **FLAW**
IN HIS **PERFECTION**?
NO! HE WAS NATURE'S
GREATEST **HUNTER**.
AND HE NEED NOTHING
MORE THAN HIS OWN
PERFECT
CONDITION!

BUT WHY HAD HIS
MOUTH GONE DRY?
WHAT WAS THIS **GROWL**?
HIS **PAIN** IN HIS CHEST?
WHEN COULD HE **STOP**
RUNNING?

WHAT WAS **WRONG** HERE? HE WAS THE **HUNTER!** SO WHY COULD
HE **NOT** STOP RUNNING, RUNNING, **HOWWWWWH...** BEFORE HIS
HEART **BURST** WITHIN HIS BODY?

SUPPOSE HE **KNEW** THE
ANSWER! THE DAY HE WAS
NOT THE **HUNTER!** THE
DAY HE WAS ...



...THE
HUNTED!



A NOUS
DEUX LA
BÊTE!

RRWWWW!



IL EST
PRESQUE À
PORTÉE!

NE LE
RATES
PAS!



NE LE
RATES PAS!

KA-POW!

"STOP!" HIS BRAIN SCREAMED!
HE MUST STOP... OR SURELY
DIE ON THE RUN!



HOW HAD THIS TERRIBLE THING
HAPPENED? HIS LIFE HAD BEEN
THE PERFECT EXISTENCE UNTIL...
THIS DAYBREAK... WHEN HE'D
BEEN ON THE HUNT, SEARCH-
ING FOR A HUNTER'S MEAL.



AT FIRST HE'D HEARD THEIR
SOBBER, THEN HE WAS ASSAILED
BY THEIR STENCH AND THEIR
OBSCENE SCREECHING BARKS.
HE WAS MASTER OF THE
NORTHWINDS, SO HE IGNORED
THEM AND CONTINUED HIS
HUNT! THEY FOLLOWED! AND
HE'D LED THEM ON A MERRY
CHASE!



BUT SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME,
INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING,
THEY BEGAN TO PUSH,
THEN TO DRIVE HIM,
LABORING RELENTLESSLY
HAPPENINGLY, MERCY-
LESSLY! THEY WEREN'T
EVEN WINTERBEASTS!
THEY WERE THOSE
SOFT ONES, THE
IMPERFECTS!
AND FOR ALL
THEIR IMPER-
FECTION... THEY
FRIGHTENED
HIM, MORTALLY!



IL EST
RUSÉ!

HIS PERFECTION
MADE HIM TOO
PRIDEFUL TO CALL
FOR AID... TO
SAY THE SIMPLE
THE NEAR ONE'S
WOULD GIVE
OUT SOON.

MAIN ON
L'EST PLUS
QUE LUI!

HE'D FIGURED
HE'D TAUGHT
HE DIDN'T WANT
TO THINK ANY
MORE, HE SAW!



YAS-Y! ON
VA L'AIDOU!



EROOOOOOWW!

VA-PAS SI
VITE ?

KA'CHOOOOW!

AH ! LA TERRE ON EST A
LA CHASSE AU LOUP PAS EN
CROISIÈRE !

IT WAS ALL WRONG! HIS THEOREM, ALL FOURED! HE UNDERSTOOD NOTHING ANYMORE! HIS
PERFECTION WAS UNRAVELLING. HE WAS COMING AWAY. HIS LIMBS JERKED FOR AIR, HIS NUMBERED
MUSCLES NO LONGER RESPONDED. HIS MIND WAS LIGHTNING CHARGED WITH CONFUSION, DOUBT
AND SOMETHING MORE...THAN FRIGHT!

CRÈVES
SALE BÊTE

KA'CHOOOOW!

KA'CHOOOOW!

RIKE !!

EXCELLENT!
TU L'AS BLESSÉ!

WHAT WAS THIS BANG?
A BITE SO DEEP? FALL-
ING, FLAILING, KEELING,
GAGGING, ENGORGING ON...
SOMETHING, SOMETHING
WHICH WAS NO LONGER,
AS OF THIS WRENCHING,
BLOOD SPATTERED NO-
MENT...PERFECTION!



HE SMELLED HIS OWN BLOOD. HIS PRIDE POOLED BENEATH HIS GRIN. HIS INSTINCTS CONTRACTED.



HE FELT SOMETHING TOTALLY UNFAMILIAR TO HIS NATURE. HIS KIND. AND WHEN HE SMELLED DEATH ON THEM... HE KNEW WHAT IT WAS.



FEAR! ABSOLUTE, HELPLESS, BLOOD-SOAKED FEAR! TOTAL IMPERFECTION! AND NOW HE WOULD SUFFER. AND HE WOULD DIE!



IT WAS COMING. HE WAS AGONY. HE HAD NO GOD! HE HAD ONLY HIS PERFECTION! HIS IMPERFECTION! AND THAT MEANT ONLY EXTINCTION. THE REALIZATION OF IMPENDING DEATH SMOTHERED HIM. SUCH AS HE SPOKE THE PRIDE OF HIS



THE POWER! OH, MOTHER OF THE WINTERBRASTS, CLOAK MY FUR WITH THY EVERWHITE! I AM GOING TO DIE!





THERE WAS MUCH IN NATURE AND THE EARTH HE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT HE REALIZED HIS OWN PLACE IN THE MICROCOSM. HE UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING A WINTERBEAST SHOULD.

HE KNEW OF GREAT PRIDE, GREAT PERFECTION, AND NOW HE REALIZED THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF BOTH. AND HE UNDERSTOOD THAT HE COULD LIVE WITH LESS PRIDE AND GREATER HAPPINESS. HE'D TASTED DEFEAT, FEAR, HELPLESSNESS AND THE BLACKNESS OF DEATH!

AND SO HE REALIZED THAT TO LIVE IS TO KNOW ALL THINGS AND TO SURVIVE BECAUSE OF THE ACCEPTANCE.



IT WAS A LESSON, HARD NOW, BUT FOR ALL OF WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THIS WINTER, HE'D LEARNED TWO WONDERFUL THINGS. THE FIRST WAS A LESSON HE COULD IMPART TO OTHERS IN NEED OF SPIRIT. "THERE IS A GOD THIS I KNOW... BECAUSE SHE TOLD ME SO."

AND SECONDLY, WHEN THE SPRING THAW CAME, HE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE TO FIND A PERFECT MEAL!

NOW, HE KNEW SOMETHING EVEN GREATER THAN SELF, GREATER THAN PERFECTION! HE'D LEARNED THERE WAS NO DISGRACE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING MORE PERFECT THAN HIMSELF!

end

STAR WARS

ELECTRONIC GAME COMPUTER AND RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC ACTION BATTLE COMPUTER

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC BATTLE COMMAND

An exciting new, intergalactic electronic combat game which allows you to simulate the battle action from Star Wars. From the planets to the computer, from one to three players, this new electronic game allows for any level of play! Simulate interstellar dogfights, winsets at the elements of hyperspace action such as the landing on Mos Eisley, being trapped in a death hole and having your force units destroyed. Then contend with the hidden weapons of hyperspace that can blow you into outer space at the unforgiving 100 hours of nonstop battle play against your friends or the machine itself! Over 9 AA batteries or a special adapter is included.

#001075-00-00



NEW!

NEW!

RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER



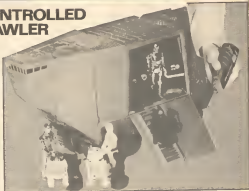
Use the radio control box to help Jawa escape Stormtroopers.



Set up Jawa and RJ (RJ is the Jawa who lives in the sand crawler).



Stormtrooper (RJ is RJ and other Star Wars figures live Sand Crawler).



RADIO CONTROLLED JAWA SAND CRAWLER: A genuine working replica of the giant sand dune sand crawler the mysterious Jawa use to navigate Tatooine's deserts and seas. This 16" long behemoth on wheels is controlled by a two channel wireless radio that can operate as far away as 20 feet! The Jawa's working inside wheels permit the sand crawler to move in almost any direction. The roof hatch opens to reveal a detailed control room with enough room for a Jawa figure to sit. A large side panel opens to become a ramp into the interior now in with enough room for a Jawa figure to sit. The sand crawler is made of durable brown plastic, to escape the menacing hordes of Stormtroopers after RJ RJ's usual challenge! Help Luke and Leia and Chewie and Han and all the other Star Wars action figures get escape death! 2 nine volt batteries and 2 "D" batteries not included.

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prologue



IT WAS A **PERSEY** AUTUMN DAY. THE AIR WAS **BARE**, FRESH AND WHOLESOME, AND THE SKY CLEAR AND CLOUDLESS SUDDELY WITHOUT WARNING. **THUNDER** RUMBLED ACROSS THE LAND, SOUNDING LIKE AN ANGRY BEAST. THERE WAS A **SPARK**. A FLASH OF **BLACK** OMINOUS LIGHTNING...

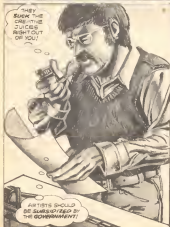
...AND THEN **SLOWLY** THE SKY BECAME **BLACK!**



BUT AUTHOR **WALTER WELLER**, SEQUESTERED IN THE WARMTH OF HIS NEW ENGLAND HOME, FAILED TO NOTICE THE OMINOUS SHADOW WHICH CREEPT SLOWLY ACROSS THE LAND.

LOST IN THE LABYRINTHS OF HIS LATEST NOVEL, WELLER KNEW OF ONLY ONE **REALITY**.

DEADLINES!
I HATE THEM!



THEY
SUCK THE
CREATIVITY
OUT OF YOU!

ARTISTS SHOULD
BE SUBSIDIZED BY
THE GOVERNMENT!



IF IT WEREN'T
FOR OUR
IMAGINATIONS,
THE WORLD WOULD
BROWN IN ITS
OWN RAVING
ILLITERACY!

WE'RE JUST NOT
AS APPRECIATED AS
WE SHOULD BE--!
HUH??

BLACK SNOW



THE SKY WAS BLACK, NOT THE BEAUTIFUL ROMANTIC BLACK OF A STARRY NIGHT, BUT DEAD, UGLY... A SWISTER, DIRTY BLACK WHICH SPOWED FORTH TINY EDGY FLAKES THAT FILLED THE SKY AND THREATENED TO SMOOTHER THE LAND!



IT HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF SOOT! BUT... BUT IT'S COLD LIKE SNOW!



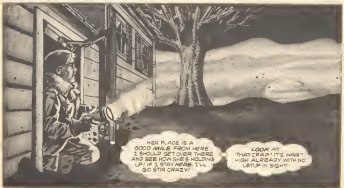
TRANSFUSED BY THE ANDORGY THAT WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE CRISP NOVEMBER AIR, WALTER TRIED TO REMAIN CALM... RATIONAL. HE TRIED TO PULL HIS ANXIETY WITH THE WARM TOUCH OF REASON!



I'D LIKE TO HEAR HOW THE METEOROLOGISTS EXPLAIN THIS ONE!



AND THE NATIONAL WEATHER SERVICE HAS NO EXPLANATION FOR THE STRANGE BLACK SNOW WHICH BEGAN LAST NIGHT TO BUFFET THE ENTIRE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE









THE DOG WAS
FRIGHTENED...
BUT ALIVE!
WHINING HELPLESSLY
UNDER A FOOT OF
COLD BLACK SLUSH!

GINGER!
YOU HAD ME
SCARED TO
DEATH, YOU
DUMB ANIMAL!



COME ON!
LET'S GET OUT OF THIS
COLD BEFORE WE BOTH
END UP LIKE... LIKE...
SARAH!



I'LL PROBABLY CUT
MYSELF 'SO RIBBONS'
BUT WITH SARAH SOME IT
REALLY DOESN'T MATTER
A HELL OF A LOT!

KASHHHH!



WHAT WAS
SHE DOING OUT IN
THAT SNOW ANYHOW?
DIDN'T SHE REALIZE HOW
DANGEROUS IT WAS? OH
GOD... SARAH!



WHAT'S THIS?
SHE... SHE LEFT
ME A NOTE?!

Walter,
I'm so frightened
I've never seen
anything like this
before. It's the
end of the world.
I know it! I've
tried to call you,
but the phone is
out. I have to be
with you, Darling.
I'll wait at your home
Love,
Sarah

OH GOD, SARAH! MY
POOR SARAH! SHE MUST
HAVE SLIPPED, STUMBLER AND
OH GOD SUPPRESSED IN
THAT NIGHTMARE SNOW!



HEAVEN
HELP ME! I
CAN'T EVEN CRY,
SHE'S PROBABLY
BETTER OFF
THAN I'M GOING
TO BE!

IT'S PROBABLY
BEST TO LEAVE HER
WHERE SHE IS AT LEAST
.. AT LEAST THE SNOW
WILL PRESERVE HER
BODY UNTIL... UNTIL...





C'MON, ANIMAL. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

STRANGELY, WALTER FELT HIMSELF FILLED WITH A WEIRD SENSE OF OPTIMISM.

THIS WAS NOT THE WAY HE THOUGHT THE END OF THE WORLD WOULD EVENTUALLY BE.



YOU KNOW, IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR THAT EVERYONE SHOULD DIE, THE GOOD WITH THE BAD.

BUT I GUESS IT'S BETTER THAT WAY. IT WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN... AND LETS THE WHOLE WORLD START OVER AGAIN!



IT ALL MAKES PERFECT SENSE NATURE COULD HAVE SENT WHITE SNOW... BUT THERE'S NO SENSE OF POETRY TO THAT



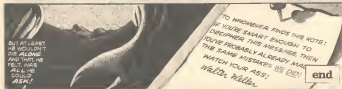
FAN IS BEING DESTROYED BY THE PERSONIFICATION OF HIS ONLY BLACK SOUL!

NATURE'S GOT THE LAST LAUGH ON US ALL!

WALTER KNEW THAT THE NEAREST NEIGHBORS LIVED A MILE OR SO TO THE SOUTH...



HE KNEW, TOO, OF COURSE, THAT HE'D NEVER MAKE IT... THAT BOON, HE AND GINGER WOULD END UP LIKE SARAH!



BUT AT LEAST HE WOULDN'T DIE ALONE AND THAT HE FELT, WAS ALL HE COULD ASK!

TO WHOMEVER FINDS THIS NOTE: IF YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO DECIPHER THIS MESSAGE, THEN YOU'VE PROBABLY ALREADY MADE THE SAME MISTAKES WE DID! WATCH YOUR ASS!
Walter Heller

end

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OF OUR EXPLOSIVE
JOHN SEVERIN ISSUE!

CREEPY #121



A TOAST
The best man was to toast the memory of the rest. But why was he the last?



PHINEAS BOGG
Phineas Bogg was haunted by a ghost! He wouldn't have it any other way!



STAR SAGA
The natives were restless. They wanted payment in kind: an eye for an eye!



CREEP'S
These creeps were all over the place. And there were always more waiting!



ANGEL
The hellgated British garrison was saved! A miracle or a twist of fate?



MYRON MEEK
Myron was a whimp and a robot. Could this mechanical klutz fall in love?

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July 15!



**BATTLE
ROT**

The rotting faces atop rotting bodies with their decayed shapes were products of a delirium!



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FALCON**

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NEW!

**MILLENNIUM
FALCON**
OPEN-UP MODEL



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